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THE TRINITY.

“Die Dreifaltigkeitslehre vertieft den Begriff Gottes und macht dessen Vermenschlichung unmöglich.—*Ein deutscher Mystiker.*”

STRANGE world, bewildering in its complex beauty
And yet so simple in its constitution!
Unfathomed in its depth and unexhausted
In possibilities of startling changes,
The universe remains an unsolved problem.
How varied in its forms, how infinite
In its unending whirls, original
In every spot and new at every moment,
Yet always all its laws remain the same!
And this unaltered, this unbroken sameness
Is rigid uniformity evincing
The simplest rules of truths self-evident,
Of axioms that are plain—as straight and clear
As are the rays which from the distant stars
Reach us like greetings from the worlds beyond,
Revealing to us by inspiring visions
The depth and grandeur of the universe.

Yea, straightness is the mystery of being;
The plainest, simplest facts present the problem.
Of all the riddles that confront the search
Of our unsatedly inquiring souls.
It is the simplest truth which baffles most.

Nature surrounds us. Like an open book
It lies before us, and we can decipher
Its most amazing and most intricate
Phenomena if we but understand
The simplest truths of its most certain laws,
Of laws that all are ultimately one.
In their innumerable applications
These laws produce varieties untold;
Yet they agree, they harmonize, and all
Remain one and the same in their unbroken
And their unaltered uniformity.

This uniformity throughout existence,
This omnipresent and intrinsic order
Patently simple and yet so profound,
Renders the world a wondrous cosmic whole,
And thereby makes the universe divine.
For its intrinsic oneness, systematic
And all-consistent—this is God. Aye this
And this alone, is God, the real God.

God is immutable and omnipresent.
He is the law supreme that never changes.
In truth, He is Eternity itself.

But God is more; God is not stagnancy,
Not tedious sameness nor monotony.
God is life's law, life's governor, life's guide,
He is the law in its eternal action.
God is the truth applied; He manifesteth
His very being as the world's creator.

Creation is the living God; creation
Proves God's existence; it is God at work;
In Nature God appears, and Nature truly

Is He himself. In Nature He reveals
And manifests His will. The universes,
Unfolding evolutionary life,
Are God made visible, God in the making.
'Tis God who stirs in genesis of being;
He is its actuality, and He
The law that dominates and molds its life,
The norm of Nature swaying its commotions.

'Tis God who comes to life as helpless babe
Ayearn for consciousness. 'Tis God who grows
In childhood and in youth. 'Tis He who struggles
In us for truth and righteousness. 'Tis God
Who is betrayed and bears the curse of sin,
Who suffers on the cross and meets defeat
In ignominious death, but from the tomb
He rises to triumphant victory.

So God is both Creator and Creation;
He is the Father and He is the Son,
He is Eternity and He is Time.
He is the Will immutable, yet also
Is He the stir of life, its constant change.

So God would seem to contradict himself,
To be at rest and yet to be in motion.
But no, the contrast in his being is
A higher unit, not a dualism.
There is no split in God's divinity.
The two are one, united in a Third.
This third is the eternal aim of God.
It is His purpose to be carried out;
It is the future of great things to be;
The spirit 'tis which animates ideals,

The plan it is of God's creative power,
The plan and the direction of His will.

What is the pulse that beats in human hearts?
What is the standard of our aspirations?
And what the guiding star that leads us onward?
The aim and hope that stablisheth our faith?
Is not this also God? It is God's spirit
That shines above as star of Bethlehem
To lead the Magi on the way to truth,
To newer truths of broader comprehension.
It is the longing for a higher life
That thrills the breath of martyrs. It is God
Who animates the world with sacred aims,
Inspires the hero to courageous deeds
And fills his anxious heart with confidence,
With noble purpose of self-sacrifice,
And gives him strength to die for his ideals.

Here lies the secret of that mystery,
That triune mystery, life's meaning, course and aim;
It is the trinity of cosmic order,
The trinity of God as Law supreme,
As God revealed in glorious self-creation
And as the aim and purpose of His work,
As the ideal to be manifested.
God, thou art One, but not one rigid unit;
Thou livest in the contrasts of existence,
And by whatever name we greet the last
And ultimate foundation of our being
We are but an effulgence of Thyself.

The God-intoxicated prophet claims
That "Thou art One, one only, unbegotten
And no begetter; Thou art God, not Father

And not a Son. Lord art Thou, Lord alone."
God, Lord and King, all-merciful, almighty,
Reveal Thyself, explain this deepest riddle,
The problem of creative deity!

And in my heart the Still Small Voice was heard;
It spake and answered, saying: God is God,
God in Himself alone would be complete,
But God, alone, would be mere non-existence;
He'd be a law that finds no application,
The All and Naught unlimited and blank,
The infinite and zero all in one.
God to be God, to be an actual God,
Must manifest Himself, must live and work,
For He appears alive but in creation.
Thus only God becomes concrete in form,
Thus only He reveals His dispensation.

The wild commotions of a gaseous whirl
Change slowly into planetary systems,
As all the turbulent and glowing masses
Obey mechanic laws of cosmic order.
Yea laws mechanic, necessary laws,
Those truths eternal, are the thoughts of God;
Eternal thoughts, thoughts of the Overgod.

God moveth step by step according to
Th' eternal norms which constitute His being;
And on the paths prescribed by God Himself
Creation struggles higher, ever higher,
To life and consciousness with joy and pain.

O God, Thou art not merely fashioner
Of clocklike universes, nor art Thou
An ego unit like a mortal man,

A Czar demanding flattery and worship.
Thou art the Norm of all events that happen,
Not as we think it in our abstract thought,
Not as an empty abstract formula,
But as it lives in every pulse of being,
As in uncounted creatures it appears
And also here in noble aspirations
Of our own souls. Man is Thy son indeed.

And as Thou gainest consciousness in man
We call Thee loving Father of us all.
We cannot think but it is Thou who speakest
In our reflections; we, our souls, our being,
Are but Thyself as Thou in flesh and blood
Would'st come to life. Our struggles and our cares
Are but the passion which Thy Godhood suffers
Returning to Thyself; for Thou again
Art and remainest our eternal hope.
And thus the One and All encompasseth
In its eternal rounds of cosmic life
The triune presence of divinity,
As God, our Father, the Eternal One,
The cause of all existence and its law.
He also animates this life of ours
And liveth in our hearts as God the Son,
The seeker after truth; the suffering God.
Seeking and suffering, yea, but for a Vision
For he sees God, our Hope, our final Refuge,
Our light and inspiration and our aim,
All three are One; and we are part of Him.